A Poem in the Dorset Dialect.

As I wer readen ov a stwone
In Grenley churchyard all alwone,
A little maid ran up wi' pride
To zee me there, an' push'd azide
A bunch o' bennets that did hide
A verse her father, as she zaid,
Put up above her mother's head,
To tell how much he loved her.

The verse was short, but very good,
I stood an' larn'd en where I stood:
"Mid God, dear Meary, gi'e me greace
To vind, like thee, a better pleace,
Where I woonce mwore mid see thy feace,
An' bring thy children up to know
His word, that they mid come an' show
Thy soul how much I lov'd thee."

"Where's father, then," I zaid, "my chile?"
"Dead, too," she answered wi' a smile;
"An' I an' brother Jim do bide
At Betty White's, o' t'other zide
O' road." "Mid He, my chile," I cried,
"That's father to the fatherless,
Become thy father now, an' bless,
An' keep, an' lead, and love thee."

Though she've lost, I thought, so much,
Still He don't let the thought o't touch
Her lil geaic heart by day an' night;
An' zoo, if we could teake it right,
Do show He'll meake his burdens light
To weaker souls, an' that His smile
Is sweet upon a harmless chile,
When they be dead that lov'd it.

—*William Barnes.*

The School-boy's Lament.

Teach, teach, teach,
On every day of the week,
And thrash, thrash, thrash,
From your head down to your feet.
Reading and spelling and writing,
Grammar and geo-ography,
Till a poor boy's brains
Are full of pains,
And he's tired as tired can be.

Write, write, write,
The moment you're out of line,
And write, write, write,
Until it is half-past nine;
Scratch and scribble and scrawl,
And blot and blur and smear
Till the teacher comes
And warms your thumbs,
And makes you feel ever so queer.

Work, work, work,
Your examples until eleven,
And work, work, work,
Your examples at home till seven—
Pounds and ounces and drams,
Drams and ounces and pounds,
Till you get so mad,
You are always glad
When the bell for recess sounds.

It is, oh! for a beautiful place,
Where never a school house is,
And it's oh! for a happy land
Where never a teacher lives;
Where tops, marbles, and kites grow wild,
And a fellow can holler and shout,
And there's never a book,
But a cozy nook
For to fish and to swim about.

And it's oh! for the happy time
When I get to be a man,
And I can whistle and jump,
And beat on an old tin-pan;
When I can put crooked pins
Down on the next boy's seat,
And I can put ink on his face,
With never a fear to be beat;
Jump and whistle and prance,
And holler and yell and shout,
And never a one
To spoil the fun,
Nor to keep me from going out.

—*Richmond Dispatch.*

MARK TWAIN'S LATEST.

The Remarkable Stories He Heard Related On a Recent Voyage at Sea.

THE PROFESSOR'S HORSE STORY.

"Look a here! What d' you give your hoss for the bots?"

"I give him a pint 'f turpentine."

Next day; "Look a here! I give my hoss a pint 'f turpentine, 'n' it killed him 's dead 's a hammer."

"So it did mine."

THE CAPTAIN'S DOG STORY.

There was a dog in Dublin who believed in the Cunard line. That dog knew the whistle of the jackass-steamer which towed the Cunarders into dock. Whenever that particular whistle blew he would hear it and recognize it, no matter if it was a mile away. He would quit whatever he was about, whether it was a nap or a fight, and make for the harbor. Well, every body on the line got to know him, and every cook felt bound to give him a bone. Well, that was what he expected, and what kept up his interest. He was just a stockholder, you see, looking sharp after his dividends. But at last he met a most extraordinary fate, such as no other dog ever did meet, to the best of my knowledge and belief. He had just got his regular ration when another dog, a much bigger beast, pitched into him, gave him a most fearful mauling, and took away his dividend. Now, what do you suppose that dog did? You can't imagine. He hobbled straight down to the dock, and jumped in and drowned himself. It's a solemn fact, upon honor. He was a dog of great intelligence and high Irish feeling. When he got licked on the Cunard dock, and lost his Cunard bone besides, he couldn't want to live any longer, and he just committed suicide.

THE SURGEON'S DOG STORY.

There is a very knowing dog, and also a very grateful one, in Newhaven, England. I am acquainted with his case, because I am on duty there, and see the creatnre frequently. This dog, you must understand, is a Dalmatian, or spotted coach-dog, which makes his history the more remarkable, for the breed is not noted for brains. Generally speaking, its accomplishments are limited to sleeping by your horse when he is on the road. Well, this Dalmatian fell blind; he had a cataract on both eyes. He went groping about the streets and tumbling into gutters, until he stirred up the compassion of my brother in surgery, Beach. Beach, by the way, cares nothing for dogs; he has no fondness for them whatever. But he said it was a pity to see this wretch struggling in that style, if the thing could be helped. So he got hold of his subject, had him tied and chloroformed, operated on him, and removed the cataracts. The sight, in short, was restored completely. Ever since then this Dalmatian has been a monster of gratitude, and absolutely worships and haunts and bores his benefactor. It isn't because Beach feeds him. Not at all. Beach isn't of that sort. He is not a dog-fancier nor a dog-provider. He might think a dog wanted an operation, but he would never think he wanted a bone. Well, all the same, the Dalmatian adores him. He is a savage brute; he will bite any body else, including his master, but from Beach he will take any sort of maltreatment. Perhaps the most curious thing about the case is that he keeps some account of time, and knows the days of the week and the hours of the day. This is very extraordinary, of course, but it is absolutely certain. Beach, you must understand, lives out of town, and only comes in twice a week to attend to his duties there, once on Wednesday, at 10 in the morning, and once on Saturday, at 3 in the afternoon. Well, his old patient never fails to meet him on the right day and at the correct time, just as accurately as though all Dalmatians were born with chronometers in their mouths. He never mistakes one day for another, and never goes on either day at the wrong hour. As Beach drives in, the dog meets him a little way out, follows him through his round, sits or stands by him, watches him devotedly, attends him homeward a certain distance, and then leaves him. Nobody can call him off, not even his master. By the way, if Beach comes to town by some unusual road, and so misses the dog, the latter immediately sets up a persistent search for him, going in succession to every one of his haunts, and among them to my quarters. How he has learned that Beach and I have some relation to each other, I don't know; but he has learned it perfectly, and is just as mindful of it as either of us. Once I undertook, just for the curiosity of the thing, to detain him in my office. I put my arms around him and held on with all my strength. The result was that, after a violent tussle, I found myself on the floor, and the big brute was off like lightning after his dear Beach. Any body else would have been badly bitten. He only spared me out of consideration for my obvious relations and my supposed intimacy with his benefactor. Now, the beast's gratitude is perhaps nothing remarkable; a great many dogs show affection and remembrance of kindness. But how upon earth does that Dalmatian know the day of the week and the time of day?

THE MERCHANT'S STORY.

Yes, it was rather a curious start I had in business. The first thing I did, after having saved a little pile of money, was to set up a shanty in Sioux City. I had all sorts of traps to allure Indians, and I wanted to buy any kind of peltries, scalps excepted. But I was a new arrival, and the noble red man couldn't believe in me without help, and I found trade rather dull. Late one night, however, as I was sleeping among my stock, there came a tremendous banging at my door; and when I unbarred it there was a tall fellow who seemed to me a little drunk; and said he, "I want a butcher knife."

"All right. Come in," said I

"I want a reliable one," says he. "I want it to kill a man with. Give me a good strong handle. I want a knife that I can put in and turn it round."

Says I, "I think I can suit you. Walk in and take a look."

I knew him by that time. He was a Virginian, a splendid-looking fellow, and belonged to a good family, as I understood. But he had gone wild on the frontier, and had been forced to herd with the Indians. The consequence was that he spoke their language and was a person of influence among them. Well, I felt a little doubtful about his intentions, not knowing but what I was the man he was after; but all the same, I got out my stock of tools and showed them. There was one, nearly two feet long, which I had bought for a cheese-knife. Says I, "I think that would answer your purpose."

"Yes, I should think it might," says he. "How much is it?"

I told him the price—about four shillings, I think.

"I'll take it," says he. "But I have not any money."

Under the circumstances, seeing he had the knife in his fist and was ready to turn it around, I thought I had better trust him.

"You'd better not," says he. "You don't know me from any other gentleman."

"But I've got to trust you," says I. "You've got the butcher-knife by the handle, and I'm at the sharp end of it. Besides, I believe I can trust you."

Off he went, and I heard no more of him for a time, not even whether he had killed a man. But some weeks later he put in an appearance and paid for the knife.

"And now, youngster," says he, "I like the way you treated me when I roused you out for that trade. You didn't show the white feather. Some men, hustled up at that time of night, would have been scared. But you behaved every way like a gentleman, and now I want to behave to you as one. There are some Indians coming in today, and I'll bring them to your shanty to trade. Have you got any rum?"

I hadn't any rum; I didn't keep it.

"Well," says he, "We must have some rum. No rum, no Injun. Give me a couple of dollars."

I gave him the money, and he went off. When he came back he had a demijohn full of drink, and some tumblers. An hour or so later the Indians appeared, some two hundred of them. First came the warriors with their rifles, bows and tomahawks; then followed the squaws, stooping almost to the ground under their loads. My man halted them, but they didn't want to trade with me; they didn't know me. There was a long palaver, and at last he threatened to kill some of them if they didn't follow his friendly advice; and the end of it was that they gave in, to save a quarrel. They crowded into my little shop, and drank my demijohn empty, and bought my stock clean out, and filled me full of peltries. I made $2,500 that season, and went off in high spirits to lose it somewhere else, and then to pick it up again. As for the Virginian, I lost sight of him, and never learned how he ended. I didn't even inquire whether he put his butcher-knife in and turned it around. It seemed to me too delicate a subject.

THE CAPTAIN'S GHOST STORY.

We had lost a man overboard, and of course every body was thinking of him. About two hours later, just at dusk, there was a Portugee sailor at the helm, and I was standing near him watching the ship's course. Of a sudden this Portugee let out the most fearful yell that I ever heard in my life, broke away from the helm, flew along the deck, and plunged into the fo'c'sle. I caught the wheel myself and bawled to the mate to bring that man back. He rushed forward, and was gone a devil of a while. When he returned he said the man wouldn't come.

"Won't come!" says I. "That's a pretty story to tell on board ship. Why don't you make him come?"

"But I can't," says the mate. "He held on to the stanchions like a vise. He says he'll die before he'll come."

So, thinking the Portugee had gone mad, I ordered up another man. But this second steersman had scarcely got to his post before he too let off a screech and broke for the fo'c'sle. By Jove, I didn't know what to make of it; I began to think there was some disease aboard, some sort of a catching frenzy. I took the helm again. But just as I was wondering whether I would have to steer the ship across the ocean myself, I chanced to turn my eye windward, and I saw *something*. You must remember that it was dusk, and in fact pretty darkish. Well, through that darkness I saw a white object rise over the taffrail, wave at me in a threatening way, and drop again as if into the sea. Now, I never did believe in ghosts, never, even in my childhood. But for one moment I was thoroughly startled; I thought the drowned sailor was there. The next moment the object rose again, and I discovered what it was. It was not a ghost, it was the cabin table-cloth. The steward had hung it over the side to dry, and the wind now and then lifted a corner of it.

THE OTHER CAPTAIN'S BRIGAND STORY.

It is a lovely country, the Mediterranean shore, every spot of it, every mile of it. Ever been there? Isn't it a beautiful country? If ever I get off duty I mean to take a trip to those regions every winter on the vessels of our line. Beautiful views every place you land at, and plenty of fine fishing and shooting. When I sailed there I used to go ashore at every port, and stroll off into the country with either my gun or my fishing tackle. In the course of one of those tramps, a few miles out of Messina, I had a curious adventure. On coming back from a fishing bout I found myself tired, and stopped at a little wayside tavern to take a bottle of wine. There I fell into conversation with an Italian, a nice-looking fellow enough and very pleasant in his manners. That man spoke English as well as I did; he had been in America, he said; learned his English there. I liked him so well that I gave him a cigar, and then another, and shared my wine with him. We were sitting under the porch in front of the tavern, and every thing around us was pretty, and I had an agreeable half-hour. At last I looked at my watch, found it was getting late, and said I must go.

"Let me see that watch," says the Italian.

I handed it to him; it was a nice watch; there is the very one now. He looked at it, gave it back to me, smiled, and said, "If you hadn't been so polite to me, I would have taken that watch away from you."

Well, you see what my build is; I can stand a pretty good tussle. I smiled at him, and said I, "I don't believe that *you* could take that watch."

"Ah," says he, "*I* wouldn't have taken it; but I'll show you who would."

With that he gave a whistle; and upon my soul and honor, if five or six armed men didn't start up around us! two of them, if you'll believe it, from behind a wall just across the road. After he had let me look at them he gave another whistle, and they all went to cover.

"Good evening, sir," said he. "I wish you a pleasant journey."

"Good evening, sir," 'said I, and started for Messina.

THE NEGRO SAILOR'S STORY.

Wah, wah, wah! See that young un tryin' to liff that anchor? That reminds *me*. My little gal see a rock in the field 'bout's big's a long-boat. "Oh, pa," says she, "mayn't I have that rock to kerry home 'n' build a house with it?"

"Jes's lieve," says I. Wah, wah, wah!—*Atlantic for December.*

Arctic Cold.

When snow becomes hard as rock, its surface takes a granular consistence like sugar. When it lies with its massive wreaths frozen in the form of billows our steps resound, as we walk over them, with the sound of a drum. The ice is so hard that it emits a ringing sound; wood becomes wonderfully hard, splits, and is as difficult to cut as bone; butter becomes like stone; meat must be split, and mercury may be fired as a bullet from a gun. If cold thus acts on things without life, how much more must it influence living organisms and the power of man's will! Cold lowers the beat of the pulse, weakens the bodily sensations, diminishes the capacity of movement and of enduring great fatigue. Of all the senses, taste and smell most lose their force and pungency, the mucous membrane being in a constant state of congestion and excessive secretion. After a time a decrease of muscular power is also perceptible. If one is exposed suddenly to an excessive degree of cold, involuntarily one shuts the mouth and breathes through the nose; the cold air seems at first to pinch and pierce the organs of respiration. The eyelids freeze even in calm weather; and to prevent their closing, we have constantly to clear them from ice, and the beard alone is less frozen than other parts of the body, because the breath as it issues from the mouth falls down as snow. Snow-spectacles are dimmed by the moisture of the eyes, and when the thermometer falls 37 degrees (C) below zero they are as opaque as frost-covered windows. The cold, however, is most painfully felt in the soles of the feet when there is a cessation of exercise. Nervous weakness, torpor, and drowsiness follow, which explains the connection which is usually found between resting and freezing. The most important point, in fact, for a sledge party, which has such exertions to make at a very low temperature, is to stand still as little as possible. The excessive cold which is felt in the soles of the feet during the noonday rest is the main reason why afternoon marches make such a demand on the moral power. Great cold also alters the character of the excretions, thickens the blood, and increases the need of nourishment from the increased expenditure of carbon. And while perspiration ceases entirely the secretion of the mucous membranes of the nose and the eyes is permanently increased, and the urine assumes almost a deep red color. At first the bowels are much confined, a state which, after continuing for five and sometimes eight days passes into diarrhea. The bleaching of the beard under these influences is a curious fact.—*The Lands Within the Arctic Circle.*

CICERO writes, "Nothing maintains its bloom forever;" but it must be said that a toper's nose holds on remarkably well.

He Wanted a Doctor.

One night last week a jolly old German farmer rode to Chestnut Hill from Whitemarsh after a physician for his wife, who was very sick. He dismounted from his horse in front of a saloon just as the boys inside had begun to make merry over the first keg of beer. He approached and looked cautiously around the screen. The foaming glasses were held high above the heads of the revelers, as one of the number pronounced a toast appropriate to the occasion.

The silent watcher licked his lip and wished his errand had been one not requiring so much dispatch. He was turning reluctantly away, when the crowd saw him.

"Hallo!" they shouted, "there's Fritz. Bring him in!"

He was laid hold upon and hauled up to the bar, all the while protesting.

"Poys, I was in a quick hurry. Ole vooman sick like der tuyvel. I vos come mit der toctor, sooner as lightnin'!"

"Well, you can take some beer while you're here, and kill two birds with one stone," was the reply.

"Yaas, I kill von chicken mit a coople of stones, und der ole vooman die mit-out der toctor, I don't forget myself of it, eh?"

"Oh, she won't die. You don't get beer often, and you've got the ole woman all the time. Fill 'em up again."

"Yaas, I got her all der time, but exposen' she go dade, I don't get her any more somedimes. It's better to go mit der toctor, seldom right away."

But he didn't go. As one glass after another was forced upon him by the reckless crew, the object of his errand was floated further and further from his vision, until it was carried out of his mind altogether, and his voice, untinged with anxiety, joined in the drinking-songs, and arose above all others.

Thus he was found by his son, late that night. The boy grasped him by the sleeve, and said:

"Fader, coom home."

Fritz turned, and at the sight of his boy a great fear arose in his mind, swept away the fumes of the beer and brought him to a sense of the situation. In an awe-stricken tone he asked:

"Yawcub, how you was come here; vas somedings der matter?"

"Yaw," replied the boy.

"Vell, spoke up aboud it. Vas der ole vooman—was your mudder—is she dade? I can shtand dem best. Don't keep your fader in expense, poy. Shpid it out. Vas ve a couple of orphanses, Yawcub?"

"Nein," answered the boy, "you vas anuder. A leedle baby coom mit ter house."

Fritz was overcome for a moment, but finally stammered out:

"Vos dot so? I expose it was not so soon already. Vell—vell, in der middle of life, we don't know vat's to turn next up. Man exposes and Cott supposes. Fill up der glasses."

The boy ventured to ask the old man why he had not sent the doctor.

"Vy did she want a tocter? Petter she told me so. I got him pooty quick. Navare mind, I safe more as ten dollar toctor-bill on dat baby. Dot vos a good child. Fill up der glasses. Whoo ray for dat little buck baby! Ve von't go home till yesterday."

Fritz got home at last, and was in Chestnut Hill again after a couple of days after some medicine. The boys couldn't get him again, though he said to them:

"You bate I tens to my peesness now."

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

DURING the past summer a school in a district in the town of Ira, Cayuga N. Y., was attended by the teacher without a single scholar being present. The teacher, a young lady who lives near the school-house, was hired by the trustees against the wishes of the people generally in the district, and they refused to send their children. The father of the teacher compelled his daughter to go to the school-house five days in a week, and stay there the required number of hours each day. The young lady complied with her father's demand, and during the entire 13 weeks was the sole occupant of the desolate school-edifice. At the end of the term her wages were collected.

THE whole amount of premium money won at the horse races the past season is $350,538. Of this Pierre Lorillard has won $59,397, or nearly one-sixth, while George L. Lorillard follows with $39,937, which is over one-eleventh of the whole amount. The average of the best 13 is nearly $8,000, so that between these 15 stables four-sevenths of the money has been secured, leaving about $150,000 to be divided up among numerous others. "Goldsmith Maid" has earned her owners $325,000 all told.